

George W. Guthrie Is First Aid To Bryan on His Ship of State



GEORGE WILKINS GUTHRIE, newly appointed first assistant secretary of state, is Colonel Bryan's right hand man in the state department. Events have already occurred to make the colonel's right hand man a busy member of his official body. There was the Japanese problem launched into the arena of public discussion by the threatened anti-alien land action of California. The Mexican situation, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. Again, the English protest over the Panama canal tolls question remained to be met. But Mr. Guthrie is well equipped to aid Secretary Bryan in surmounting these difficulties. He has practiced law in Pittsburgh since 1909. He was mayor of that city from 1906 to 1909.

Not on the Chart A Lighthouse Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The rain fell in long, slanting sheets and drummed against Joel Webster's elskins with a noise that muffled the throb of his engine. The motorboat rose on the crest of big waves and then dived down into pitchy blackness, for it was night. He had lost his bearings an hour ago, when he had left Hadden harbor for the short trip down the coast after a catboat which had gone astray, and now he was trying to find the harbor's mouth once more.

He tried to discern the familiar light that would set him on the right course, but the lighthouse seemed blotted out in the storm.

"I ought to be somewhere near the harbor's mouth by this time," he panted after he had recovered from a drenching wave. He bent forward and peered ahead as if to pierce the blackness with his keen eyes.

"Seems as if I ought to see the ledge light unless—unless something's hap-

pened to Peter Langdon!" He inclined his ear, and close at hand he heard the roar of waves breaking on rugged rocks. "Good Lord, if it isn't the ledge, and no light!"

The wheel spun around in his strong hands, and the motorboat put about until she was headed straight for the booming waves. If Joel Webster had not known the ledge like a book he might have gone straight to destruction on the bristling rocks that encompassed the lighthouse. But his ear was trained to the voice of the sea, and at just the right moment he swung his little craft around into the narrow opening that gave upon comparatively quiet water.

It was a matter of considerable skill to make a landing in the storm, but at last he moored the boat safely and crawled along the platform until he came to the narrow iron stairway that led to a door above the highest water mark.

His repeated battering brought quick light steps across the floor and the sound of a frightened voice from within.

"Oh, is anybody there?" called the girl. "Yes!" he shouted back, but the wind tore the words away, and he had to repeat his cry again and again before she understood that his voice was not the cry of frightened gulls or the scream of the raging wind.

The door opened outward, and she staggered within the warm, cozy shelter of the sitting room. The girl was busy locking the door and so she did not look at him until he had removed

his dripping sou'wester and pushed back the tangled hair from his wet forehead. "Oh, it's you, Joel!" she faltered, with a little backward step of alarm. "Yes, it's me," said Joel Webster crisply. "I was out in the storm, and I noticed the lamp wasn't lighted. What's the matter?"

"It's none of your business what's the matter!" called an angry voice from the adjoining room. "Dora, is that fresh Webster boy in there?" "Yes, it's me," repeated Joel for the second time. He drew near the communicating door and looked in on the recumbent form of a large, old man, who appeared to be suffering great pain. "What's the matter—hurt yourself?" asked Joel bluntly.

"Broke my leg," growled Peter Langdon ungraciously.

"Where's Marshall?" "Went ashore this morning and hasn't come back. Drunk as a lord, I reckon!" groaned the lighthouse keeper. "Dora here tried to get the lamp going, but she couldn't, bless her heart!"

"I'm going to light the lamp for you, and when it's going good I'll come back and make you comfortable," announced Joel in a matter of fact tone.

Peter Langdon half raised himself in bed and shook his fist at the young man. "Don't you dare touch my lamp, Joel Webster! Didn't I warn you off these here premises a week ago? Didn't I say I wouldn't have you around here?"

Joel folded his arms and looked the irate keeper in the eye. "Yes, you told me all that, Mr. Langdon, but that hasn't got anything to do with lighting the lamp tonight."

"It hasn't, eh? Why not?"

"Because what you said to me then has got to do with Dora. The only reason I came tonight was because I saw the light was out and I thought you were in trouble." Joel spoke firmly and without one backward glance at the girl who stood behind him. "You leave that lamp alone!" commanded Peter wrathfully. "You needn't try to play the good Samaritan with me."

"You mean you're going to turn me out in this storm again?" asked Joel quietly.

"If you could get here you can get away," growled the keeper.

"Oh, father," cried the girl, "please don't speak like that!"

"You must hate me a lot, Mr. Langdon," said Joel slowly. "If I knew the reason why I'd be better satisfied."

He turned abruptly away and opened the door that led to the spiral stairway. "I'm going to light the lamp," he said over his shoulder, and without waiting for Peter Langdon's snarling remonstrance, he closed the door and ascended to the lamp room. In a few moments the four burners were sending long red rays through the driving storm. A fog horn blared dully from the distance. It was very cold and very lonely up there, and Joel longed to go down to the cheery warmth of the room below, but he hesitated.

Peter Langdon needed him sorely. Some one must relieve the injured man of the agonizing pain of his broken limb. Joel thrust prejudice aside and returned to the lower room and approached the bedroom door.

"You won't be blamed because your light's not burning," he announced cheerfully. "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you'll let me, I think I can fix that leg of yours so you'll be comfortable till a doctor gets out here in the morning. You know I've been quite handy about helping set broken limbs, and—"

"Get along with you!" ordered Peter fiercely. "I don't want you to come near me."

"Then I'll go ashore and fetch a doctor tonight," and Joel picked up his hat and shrugged into his elskins. In an instant he had opened and closed the outer door and was gone into the stormy night.

Dora Langdon sank down beside the bed and hid her face in the blankets. "Oh, father," she cried, "why did you let him go? Perhaps he will be drowned!"

"What if he is?" demanded the man fiercely. "Would you care?"

There was a little silence while the girl's shoulders heaved with emotion. "Of course I'd care," she said in a muffled tone.

A look of pain wrinkled Peter's harsh features. "Then—then you must like him a lot," he said hoarsely. "I do, father," she sobbed.

"I thought—maybe you'd be satisfied with just me," he said in a low tone. "I lost your mother when you was born, and I set store by you, Dora, thinking maybe you'd care enough about me to stay with me, but I've got to give you up to him. I hate the young jackanapes!"

"Oh, father, dear, don't think I shall love you any less!" cried Dora, throwing her arms around his neck. "Don't you understand how anybody can care for more than one person at a time? When you loved my mother, couldn't you love your own mother too?"

Peter Langdon swallowed a lump in his throat and muttered under his breath. Dora could not bear what he said, but she felt that his mood was softening. "Don't worry about Joel, father," she pleaded. "You know he said the other day that he would never marry me without your consent, so you see you can keep me a prisoner here in your tower all my life if you wish."

"Would you be happy and contented to stay with me alone?" asked her father.

"I might not be entirely happy, father, but I would try to be contented," she said steadily.

There was silence between the two after that which lasted well into the night. The waves roared on the rocks at the base of the tower, and the wind screamed wildly as it chased the flying rain. Father and daughter were thinking of the brave young form with face set toward Hadden harbor. The older man's fierce jealousy had driven Joel forth into the wildest storm of the season. Would he reach the shore alive?

If he did not, how could Peter Langdon make up the loss to his daughter? He asked himself this question over and over as the long hours passed. Dora arose after awhile, and with white, set face she attended to little household duties that she might not be distracted by the acuteness of her anxiety. Now and then she admira-

TO TILLAMOOK IN ONE DAY

Favorable Train Service Makes Trip To Beach Easy.

Postal Clerk "Dad" Morton on Sunday gave out the information to an Observer reporter that Dallas people who have heretofore enjoyed the summer months at Tillamook and were compelled to make the trip by auto may at this time leave Dallas at 7:20 a. m. and arrive at the bay at about the same time in the evening of the same day. The Tillamook train leaves Portland at about one o'clock p. m. Inasmuch as the route from Portland to Tillamook is of the scenic variety, it is probable that many will during the season take a glimpse of the Tillamook bay from the railway company's observation car.

BIG MACHINE BREAKS BRIDGE

Heavy Planer Crashes Into Ditch on Salt Creek.

Workmen who were moving the machinery from Martin's mill to Dallas had the misfortune to crash through a bridge near Ezra Hart's Saturday, precipitating a wagon loaded with a planer weighing nearly seven tons, about five feet into the ditch. It required six horses and triple power blocks and cable to pull it out. A chain made of 7-16 inch iron was stretched so it could be lifted like a bar of iron.

Road Supervisor Middleton has put in a two foot sewer pipe culvert to replace the old bridge and considerable other road work has been done in this locality this season.

COVERING THE OFFICE FLOORS

New Linoleum Being Laid in Polk County Court House.

E. V. Dalton, of the Sterling Furniture company and a force of men are busy laying the linoleum for which the company was recently awarded the contract, on the office floors of the court house. The material is plain and heavy and gives every appearance of having the quality to last for years. It is expected that the new covering will save the wooden floors which were becoming badly worn in many places.

Change in Chop House.

An important change in the management of the Dallas Chop House at 615 Mill street, was made the first of the week when Charles McKay of Payette, Idaho, associated himself with Frank Croloff, who has been in charge. Mr. McKay was chef at the New Scott last summer, afterwards moving to Payette. He will be in charge of the culinary work at the Chop House. It will be remembered that Mr. McKay's little daughter while the family were in Dallas suffered severe poisoning from poison oak and had not fully recovered at the time the family left this city. After their removal to Payette the young lady lost the sight of both eyes as a result of the poisoning and is now an inmate of the blind school in Idaho.

tered a cordial to the suffering man on the bed, but after awhile he lay very quiet with closed eyes, and she thought he was asleep.

The sitting room clock was chiming 3 when there came a beating at the outer door. Dora flew to open it with trembling fingers, and two storm swept men entered the room. The girl ran to and fro, helping the doctor and Joel Webster to shed their elskins and bringing them steaming bowls of ginger tea.

"Sensible little girl," approved Dr. Brown as he set the bowl on the table. "Now for your father, Dora."

Joel sat in the background, white and worn with the strain of his night's work. At least he could keep out of Peter Langdon's way until that man of wrath had been made comfortable. Perhaps then there might be a spare bed. Joel nodded gently off to sleep sitting bolt upright on his chair.

"I want Joel to help," said Peter Langdon in a mild voice as the doctor made his careful examination, and it was a very happy Dora who gently shook Joel into wakefulness and whispered her father's request.

As the three busied themselves over the broken leg Peter Langdon, quite un mindful of pain, uttered his thoughts aloud. "As soon as the sea goes down."

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CONRAD STAFRIN

DR. TOEL

ANNOUNCES
THAT AFTER
JUNE 10th

He Will Positively **NOT** Accept New Patients
FOR TREATMENT

This notice is especially meant for the many that have come for a talk about their troubles but have not yet returned for an examination, as well as for those that have been examined but have been too busy to come for treatment.

DR. TOEL WILL STAY IN DALLAS UNTIL HE HAS FINISHED ALL THE CASES THAT COME UNDER HIS TREATMENT BEFORE JUNE 11th.

HIS OBJECT WAS

TO INTRODUCE HIS METH ODS IN POLK COUNTY.

THIS HAS BEEN
FULFILLED

FOR THEY HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED IN 27 ARTICLES IN THE DALLAS NEWSPAPERS WHICH HAVE A CIRCULATION OF ABOUT 3600. AS FIVE READERS ARE USUALLY COUNTED TO ONE NEWSPAPER, EVERYBODY IN POLK COUNTY HAS READ ABOUT THE METHODS OF

DR. TOEL

PATIENTS THAT WANT HIS TREATMENT CAN NOT HAVE IT AFTER HE HAS LEFT UNLESS THEY TRAVEL A LONG DISTANCE TO SEE HIM AS HE SHALL NOT RETURN TO

DALLAS

HIS CARD WILL REMAIN IN THE DALLAS PAPERS AFTER HE HAS LEFT, GIVING HIM NEW LOCATION. NOW 619 WASHINGTON STREET, DALLAS.

doctor, I wish you'd bring the minister over. We're going to have a wedding here."

"O-ho!" smiled the physician. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh? Going to like a life ashore, Dora?"

Joel had found the hand of Dora's father and was gripping it gratefully. Before the girl could frame an answer to the doctor's question Joel spoke with the little authoritative air that Peter Langdon secretly liked.

"We're going to live right here with Mr. Langdon, if he'll let us. I'm going to get Marshall's job if I can—that is, if—"

"Father-in-law," supplied Peter with a grim smile.

"If father-in-law will consent," smiled Joel.

"You'll get it," said Peter hurriedly. "Why, this light was off the chart to-night till Joel came and fixed her up."

"And I was off your chart until to-night, too," grinned Joel.

Current Comment.

On with the dance; let joy be unfurled.—Boston Transcript.

The demand for the cookbooks issued by the department of agriculture has run into the millions, but good cooks will be as scarce as ever.—New York World.

Simplified spelling is the final death-blow to real poetry. Now give us nothing but simplified music—ragtime, simplified art—the cubists and then chlo reform.—Baltimore Sun.

Fashion Frills.

Answers to the questions indicated by the plumes in the form of an interrogation point on women's hats can be found in the bills.—Albany Journal.

As long as the better half doesn't insist on the other half wearing two of her old hobble skirts for trousers we don't think the clothing question will cause much trouble.—Baltimore Star.

Everything depends on the point of view. A few years ago a boy whose trousers reached only halfway to his ankles was considered a jay. Now they roll them up that far and think it looks fine.—Cimarron (Kan.) Jacksonian.

Aerial Flights.

The Japanese government has invested \$800,000 in airships.

Professor W. J. Humphreys of Washington says the assertion of aviators that there are "holes" or "soft spots" in the air is pure nonsense.

Experiments with a German war dirigible have shown that it is possible to drop 1,320 pounds of explosives while in flight without disturbing the balloon's equilibrium.

Short Stories.

Chinese are admitted to New Zealand on payment of \$1,500 per head.

Once the president answered his own letters. Today the White House staff includes forty secretaries.

During the last six years 2,000,000 colonists have been domiciled in Siberia and over 78,000,000 acres of land put under cultivation.

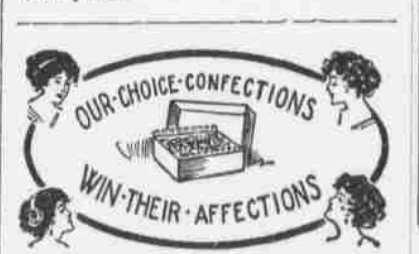
Los Angeles (Cal.) chief of police obtained a salaried job for the wife of a man he recently was compelled to arrest and send to prison.

Town Topics.

Finger bowls are being proscribed by the health authorities in some cities. But in Cleveland they are not used to drink from.—Cleveland Leader.

The Whale.

Undoubtedly the longest lived animal on earth is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at 1,000 years.



When the Weather is Hot

More likely than not
You thoughts will turn to
Coolness

When such is the case
Just come to our place
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You'll find coolness in our
Delicious Ice Cream, Ice Cream
Soda, Ices, Sundaes, etc.

THE COSY CORNER

622 Court Street.



JOHN BUNYAN'S PILGRIM PROGRESS will be presented at the Armory next Friday night. The character of Christian is portrayed by that famous actor, Alexander Salvini. Placing this great work before the world in the form of moving pictures was no mean undertaking, the difficulties which confronted the producers would have seemed insurmountable to a less capable company than the Ambrosio and it was not until much time and a fortune had been expended that this, the greatest triumph in motion photography was pronounced finished in all its detail. In the similitude of a dream it depicts the life of Christian, his flight from the city of destruction, the difficult road he travels on his way to Mount Zion, each important step in his journey from sense to soul has been faithfully noted and some of the woodland scenes are remarkable for the wild luxuriance of their beauty. The interpreter, Faithful Goodwill and many other symbolical characters so well known to the readers of Pilgrim's Progress play an important part in the picture drama.

The story is so simply told that any child can understand and enjoy it, yet the great and learned of successive generations have pronounced it a masterpiece. The pictures were made at Torino, Italy, amidst the most beautiful scenery. The production is said to have cost the Ambrosio Company \$35,000 as no expense was spared even to the slightest detail.

Pilgrim's Progress is reviewed by McCauley in his great essays as an unparalleled monument of oratorical literature remarkable among all the world's allegories in that it has a strong human interest.

Written in the Puritan age of the 17th century, it is still considered a rare gem of English literature and one of the classics that will live forever. It has had a wide and constant sale for two hundred and fifty years, without doubt, eclipsing any other book ever written except the Bible, and has been read by all classes of every nation, being translated in 86 different languages. The performance in Dallas is given under the auspices of the Woman's Club. Trotti Lang, the well-known New York soprano, appears in a grand concert recital, preceding the pictures.

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